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Misc

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HYMNS
FOR
The Centenary Conference
ON
FOREIGN MISSIONS,
WITH
PROGRAMME
OF
PUBLIC MEETINGS.

COMPILED BY
THE REV. JAMES JOHNSTON,
AUTHOR OF "A CENTURY OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS,"
"A CENTURY OF CHRISTIAN PROGRESS,"
&c., &c., &c.



LONDON:
PRINTED BY GILBERT & RIVINGTON, LD.,
ST. JOHN'S HOUSE, CLERKENWELL, E.C.
1888.

Price Twopence.

A LIST OF PUBLIC MEETINGS.

Monday, June 11th, 1888.

LARGE HALL at 3 p.m.—China:
The 18 Provinces.

Chairman—Sir JOHN H. KENNAWAY, Bart., M.P.

LARGE HALL at 7 p.m.—The Condition and
Increase of the Heathen, and their Claims
upon the Christian Church.

Chairman—The Rt. Hon. the EARL OF ABERDEEN.

LOWER HALL at 7 p.m.—Missions to the Jews.

Chairman—JAMES E. MATHIESON, Esq.

Tuesday, June 12th.

LARGE HALL at 3 p.m.—Japan and Imperial
China and Dependencies.

Chairman—GEORGE WILLIAMS, Esq.

LARGE HALL at 7 p.m.—Medical Missions.

Chairman—Professor MACALISTER, F.R.S.

LOWER HALL at 7 p.m.—The Turkish Empire
and Central Asia.

Chairman—BISHOP W. F. MALLALIEU (New
Orleans).

[See p. 3 of cover.]

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PREFACE.

THE following small collection of psalms and hymns has been drawn up and arranged to bring out and illustrate the great truth, that missionary enterprise is not a fragmentary or exceptional part of the Divine plan and of the Christian life ; but that it is the development of the eternal purpose of God in the redemption of the world by Christ Jesus, on the one hand, and is the highest manifestation of the spiritual life of the Church of God and of the consecrated believer on the other.

To bring into prominence these great truths, we have grouped the hymns around the three-fold name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and under the truths by which the believer lives and labours in carrying out the purpose of God toward our fallen race.

This little book is the fruit of brief hours of rest from work and of a journey in America in the service of the Conference, on Foreign Missions. May it prove the fit ex-

pression of faith, hope and love during the meetings, a stimulus to effort for the salvation of all men, and the means of spreading and deepening the conviction that "Missions" are the grand aim and end of the Christian Church and the great desire and design of the triune God.

We are conscious of defects and faults in the carrying out of our ideal of a missionary Hymnal. One cause of failure was unavoidable—the limited number, and defective character of many, of that class of hymns. The Christian poet of missionary enterprise has not yet appeared. We have in a few instances sacrificed a little of æsthetic feeling on the shrine of Christian sentiment and sacred associations.

NOTE.—If in the haste of getting up this collection we have unwittingly infringed the copyright of any author or publisher, we beg to express our regret, and as the collection is printed for a temporary purpose, and not for profit, we hope to be excused. We gratefully acknowledge the kindness of those who have so willingly given the permission sought.

NORWOOD, *May 1st*, 1883.

05151
 Nov 1 1890
 Boston Unitarian Church

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GOD THE FATHER

AND MISSIONS.

1

L.M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth
tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make :
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

(Psalm c.)

2

L.M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake !
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy Throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone ;"
Thy voice their idols shall confound
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favour come ;
 Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home ;
 And let our wondering eyes behold
 Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
 In every clime of every name ;
 Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour Lord of All.

3 8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

GOD loved the world of sinners lost
 And ruined by the fall ;
 Salvation full, at highest cost,
 He offers free to all.

Oh ! 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
 The love of God to me ;
 It brought my Saviour from above,
 To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now, by faith, I claim Him mine,
 The risen Son of God ;
 Redemption by His death I find,
 And cleansing through His blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
 And to His saints makes known
 The blessed rest from inbred sin,
 Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go ;
 There shall to you be given
 A glorious foretaste here below
 Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
 Let all the ransomed sing,
 And triumph in the dying hour,
 Through Christ the Lord, our King.

4

7S.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
 Show the brightness of Thy face ;
 Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
 Fill Thy Church with light divine ;
 And Thy saving health extend
 Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
 Be by all that live adored ;
 Let the nations shout and sing
 Glory to their Saviour King,
 At Thy feet their tribute pay,
 And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
 Earth shall then her fruits afford,
 God to man His blessing give,
 Man to God devoted live :
 All below, and all above,
 One in joy and light and love.

5

7S.

HASTEN, Lord ! the glorious time
 When, beneath Messiah's sway,
 Every nation, every clime,
 Shall the gospel's call obey.

2 Mightiest kings His power shall own,
 Heathen tribes His name adore ;
 Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
 Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
 Then be banished grief and pain ;
 Righteousness and joy and peace
 Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord ;
 Ever praise His glorious name ;
 All His mighty acts record ;
 All His wondrous love proclaim.

6

S.M.

- LORD, bless and pity us,
Shine on us with Thy face :
That th' earth Thy way, and nations all
May know Thy saving grace.
- 2 Let people praise Thee, Lord ;
Let people all Thee praise.
O let the nations be glad,
In songs their voices raise :
- 3 Thou'lt justly people judge,
On earth rule nations all.
Let people praise Thee, Lord ; let them
Praise Thee, both great and small.
- 4 The earth her fruit shall yield,
Our God shall blessing send.
God shall us bless ; men shall Him fear
Unto earth's utmost end.

(Psalm lxxvii.)

7

- O SING a new song to the Lord,
For wonders He hath done :
His right hand and His holy arm
Him victory hath won.
- 2 The Lord God His salvation
Hath caused to be known ;
His justice in the heathen's sight
He openly hath shown.
- 3 He mindful of His grace and truth
To Isr'el's house hath been ;
And the salvation of our God
All ends of th' earth have seen.
- 4 Let all the earth unto the Lord
Send forth a joyful noise ;
Lift up your voice aloud to Him,
Sing praises, and rejoice.

5 With harp, with harp, and voice of psalms,
Unto JEHOVAH sing :
With trumpets, cornets, gladly sound
Before the Lord the King.

6 Let seas and all their fulness roar ;
The world, and dwellers there ;
Let floods clap hands, and let the hills
Together joy declare.

7 Before the Lord ; because He comes,
To judge the earth comes He ;
He'll judge the world with righteousness,
His folk with equity.

(Psalm xcvi.)

8

C.M.

SHINE, mighty God ! on Zion shine
With beams of heavenly grace ;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.

2 When shall Thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God !

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands !
Sing loud with solemn voice ;
Let every tongue exalt His praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4 He, the great Lord, the sovereign judge,
That sits enthroned above,
In wisdom rules the world He made,
And bids them taste His love.

9

P.M.

“WHOSOEVER heareth,” shout, shout the
 sound,
 Send the blessed tidings all the world
 around ;
 Spread the joyful news wherever man is
 found,
 “Whosoever will may come.”

“Whosoever will, whosoever will,”
 Send the proclamation over vale and
 hill ;
 ’Tis a loving Father calls the wan-
 derer home :
 “Whosoever will may come.”

2 Whosoever cometh need not delay ;
 Now the door is open, enter while ye
 may :
 Jesus is the true, the only Living Way,
 “Whosoever will may come.”

3 “Whosoever will,” the promise is secure ;
 “Whosoever will,” for ever shall endure ;
 “Whosoever will,” ’tis life for evermore ;
 “Whosoever will may come.”

10

P.M.

1 THE Lord of heav’n confess,
 On high His glory raise.
 Him let all angels bless,
 Him all His armies praise.
 Him glorify
 Sun, moon, and stars ;
 Ye higher spheres,
 And cloudy sky.

2 From God your beings are,
Him therefore famous make ;
You all created were,
When He the word but spake.
And from that place,
Where fixed you be
By His decree,
You cannot pass.

3 O let God's name be praised
Above both earth and sky ;
For He His saints hath raised,
And set their horn on high ;
Ev'n those that be
Of Isr'el's race,
Near to His grace,
The Lord praise ye.

(Psalm cxlviii.)

11

7.6.7.6.

OH, that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home !

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane ?
Return, O Lord, in pity ;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see ;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

12

L.M.

FORGOTTEN ! no ; that cannot be,
 All other names may pass away ;
 But thine My Israel shall remain
 In everlasting memory.

- 2 Forgotten ! no ; that cannot be,
 Inscribed upon My palms thou art ;
 The name I gave in days of old,
 Is graven still upon My heart.
- 3 Forgotten ! no ; that cannot be,
 Beloved of thy God art thou,
 His crown for ever on thy head,
 His name for ever on thy brow.
- 4 Forgotten ! no ; that cannot be,
 He Who upon thee named His name.
 Assures thee of eternal love,
 A love for evermore the same.

13

P.M.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo, the sacred herald stands ;
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands ;
 Mourning captive,
 God Himself will loose thy bands.

- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful ?
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
 Cease thy mourning,
 Zion still is well-beloved.

- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
God Himself appears thy friend :
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end !
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble ;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed ;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour blest.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.
-

GOD THE SON AND MISSIONS.

14

L.M.

- JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns :
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest ;
And all the sons of want are blest.

- 5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long "Amen."

15

C.M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call ;
Extol the Stem-of-Jesse's Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every tongue and every tribe,
Responsive to the call,
To Him all majesty ascribe
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Oh, that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all !

16

C. M.

To us a child of Hope is born,
 To us a Son is given ;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him all the hosts of heaven.

- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace
 For evermore adored,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord !
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread,
 His reign no end shall know ;
 Justice shall guard His throne above,
 And peace abound below.

17

7S.

WHO is He in yonder stall,
 At whose feet the Shepherds fall ?
 'Tis the Lord ! O wondrous story !
 'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory !
 At His feet we humbly fall—
 Crown Him ! crown Him, Lord of all !

- 2 Who is He in deep distress,
 Fasting in the wilderness ?
- 3 Who is He to whom they bring
 All the sick and sorrowing ?
- 4 Who is He the gathering throng
 Greet with loud triumphant song ?
- 5 Lo ! at midnight, who is He
 Prays in dark Gethsemane ?
- 6 Who is He on yonder tree
 Dies in grief and agony ?

- 7 Who is He who from the grave
Comes to succour, help, and save ?
- 8 Who is He who from His throne
Rules through all the worlds alone ?

18

7S.

HARK ! the herald angels sing
 " Glory to the new-born King.
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled ! "
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 " Christ is born in Bethlehem."
 Hark ! the herald angels sing
 " Glory to the new-born King."

- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb ;
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;
 Hail the Incarnate Deity,
 Pleased as Man with men to dwell
 Jesus, our Immanuel !
 Hark ! the herald angels sing
 " Glory to the new-born King."
- 3 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace !
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings ;
 Mild, He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
 Hark ! the herald angels sing
 " Glory to the new-born King."

19

7.6.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth :
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing :
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore ;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

5 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever,—
His great, best name of Love !

20

C.M.

- O GOD, what time Thou didst go forth
Before Thy people's face ;
And when through the great wilderness
Thy glorious marching was ;
- 2 Then at God's presence shook the earth,
Then drops from heaven fell ;
Then Sinai shook before the Lord,
The God of Israel.
- 3 O God, Thou to Thine heritage
Didst send a plenteous rain,
Whereby Thou, when it weary was,
Didst it refresh again.
- 4 Thou hast, O Lord, most glorious,
Ascended up on high ;
And in triumph victorious led
Captive captivity :

- 5 Thou hast received gifts for men,
 For such as did rebel ;
 Yea, ev'n for them, that God the Lord
 In midst of them might dwell.
- 6 Bless'd be the Lord, Who is to us
 Of our salvation God ;
 Who daily with His benefits
 Us plenteously dothload.
 (Psalm lxxiii.)

21

8.7.

- HARK the voice of Jesus crying,—
 “ Who will go and work to-day ?
 Fields are white and harvest waiting ;
 Who will bear the sheaves away ? ”
 Loud and strong the Master calleth,
 Rich reward He offers thee ;
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 “ Here am I ; send me, send me ! ”
- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
 And the heathen lands explore,
 You can find the heathen nearer,
 You can help them at your door.
 If you cannot give your thousands,
 You can give the widow's mite ;
 And the least you do for Jesus,
 Will be precious in His sight.
- 3 If you cannot speak like angels,
 If you cannot preach like Paul,
 You can tell the love of Jesus,
 You can say He died for all.
 If you cannot rouse the wicked
 With the judgment's dread alarms,
 You can lead the little children
 To the Saviour's waiting arms.

- 4 If you cannot be the watchman,
 Standing high on Zion's wall,
 Pointing out the path to heaven,
 Offering life and peace to all ;
With your prayers and with your bounties
 You can do what Heaven demands ;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
 Holding up the prophet's hands.
- 5 Let none hear you idly saying,
 " There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly.
 Let His work your pleasure be ;
Answer quickly when He calleth—
 " Here am I ; send me, send me ! "

22

8.7.

- SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations ;
 Fruitful let Thy sorrows be ;
By Thy pains and consolations,
 Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
 Be it to the nations told ;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
 And Thy mercy manifold.
- 2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
 As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of Heaven,
 Thee, as Man for sinners slain.

- 3 Saviour, lo ! the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand, and strained the
 sight,
 For Thy Spirit new creating,
 Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.
 Give the word ; and of the preacher
 Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth by every creature
 Glory to the Lamb be sung !

23

7.6.

THE whole wide world for Jesus !
 Once more before we part,
 Ring out the joyful watchword
 From every grateful heart.
 The whole wide world for Jesus !
 Be this our battle-cry,
 The lifted cross our oriflamme,
 A sign to conquer by !

- 2 The whole wide world for Jesus !
 From out the Golden Gate,
 Through all Pacific's sunny isles
 To China's princely state ;
 From India's vales and mountains,
 Through Persia's land of bloom,
 To storied Palestina
 And Afric's desert gloom ;

- 3 The whole wide world for Jesus !
 Through all its fragrant zones,
 Ring out again the watchword
 In loftiest, gladdest tones.
 The whole wide world for Jesus !
 We'll wing the song with prayer
 And link the prayer with labour
 Till Christ His crown shall wear.

24

S.M.

- 1 O GOD of sovereign grace !
 We bow before Thy throne,
 And plead, for all the human race,
 The merits of Thy Son.
- 2 Spread through the earth, O Lord !
 The knowledge of Thy ways ;
 And let all lands with joy record
 The great Redeemer's praise.

25

P.M.

- TELL it out among the heathen that the
 Lord is King ! Tell it out ! Tell it out !
 Tell it out among the nations, bid them
 shout and sing ! Tell it out ! Tell it
 out !
 Tell it out with adoration, that He shall
 increase ;
 That the mighty King of Glory is the King
 of Peace ;
 Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves
 may roar,
 That He sitteth on the water-floods, our
 King for evermore !
- 2 Tell it out among the heathen that the
 Saviour reigns ! Tell it out ! Tell it
 out !
 Tell it out among the nations, bid them
 burst their chains ! Tell it out ! Tell
 it out !
 Tell it out among the weeping ones that
 Jesus lives ;
 Tell it out among the weary ones what rest
 He gives ;
 Tell it out among the sinners that He came
 to save ;
 Tell it out among the dying that He
 triumphed o'er the grave !

- 3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns
above! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His
reign is love! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the
lanes at home;
Tell it out across the mountains and the
ocean foam!
Like the sound of many waters let our glad
shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands
of the sea!
-

GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT AND MISSIONS.

26

S.M.

- COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.
- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 4 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

- 5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.
- 6 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

27

C.M.

- THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
His truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

28

L.M.

- O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order, in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with
 might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

29

L.M.

- COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and love Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God :
Lead us to Christ, the living Way ;
Nor let us from His pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is :
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him, for ever blest.

30

8.6.8.4.

- OUR blest Redeemer ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms
each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see :
 Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-
 place,
 And worthier Thee ! Amen.

31 8.7.8.7.4.7.

WHO but Thou, Almighty Spirit !
 Can the heathen world reclaim ?
 Men may preach, but till Thou favour,
 Heathen still will be the same :
 Mighty Spirit !
 Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
 Glorious light in latter days :
 Come, and bless bewildered nations ;
 Change our prayers and tears to praise :
 Promised Spirit !
 Round the world diffuse Thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labours,
 Must be vain without Thy aid,
 But Thou wilt not disappoint us ;
 All is true that Thou hast said :
 Gracious Spirit !
 O'er the world Thy influence shed.

THE HOLY TRINITY AND MISSIONS.

32

7S.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
 God of hosts ! when heaven and earth
 Out of darkness, at Thy word,
 Issued into glorious birth,

All Thy works before Thee stood,
 And Thine eye beheld them good,
 While they sang, with sweet accord,
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord !"

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,
 One JEHOVAH evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit ! we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore ;
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by Thee redeemed,
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord !"

Holy, holy, holy ! All
 Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King ;
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Hearts and voices, swell one hynin,
 Round the throne with full accord,
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord !"

33

6s. & 4s

THOU, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And, where the Gospel-day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light !

- 2 Thou, Who didst come to bring
 On Thy redeeming wing
 Healing and sight,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly blind,
 Oh, now to all mankind
 Let there be light !

- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight !
 Move o'er the waters' face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light !
- 4 Holy and blessèd Three,
 Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might !
 Boundless as ocean's tide
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 Through the earth, far and wide,
 Let there be light !

34

S.M.

- O LORD our God, arise,
 The cause of truth maintain,
 And, wide o'er all the peopled world,
 Extend Thy blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
 Nor let Thy glory cease ;
 Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
 Expand Thy quickening wing ;
 And, o'er a dark and ruined world,
 Let light and order spring.
- 4 All on the earth, arise,
 To God our Saviour sing ;
 From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
 Let echoing anthems ring.

35

6s. & 8s.

RISE, gracious God, and shine
 In all Thy saving might ;
 And prosper each design
 To spread Thy glorious light.
 Let healing streams of mercy flow,
 That all the earth Thy truth may know.

2 Oh, bring the nations near,
 That they may sing Thy praise ;
 Let all the people hear,
 And learn Thy holy ways :
 Reign, mighty God ; assert Thy cause,
 And govern by Thy righteous laws.

3 To God, the only wise,
 The One Immortal King,
 Let hallelujahs rise
 From every living thing ;
 Let all that breathe, on every coast,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

36

7.6.

LORD of the living harvest
 That whitens o'er the plain,
 Where angels soon shall gather
 Their sheaves of golden grain,
 Accept these hands to labour,
 These hearts to trust and love,
 And deign with them to hasten
 Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard
 Still faithful may we be,
 Content to bear the burden
 Of weary days for Thee ;

We ask no other wages,
 When Thou shalt call us home,
 But to have shared the travail
 Which makes Thy kingdom come.

- 3 Be with us, God the Father,
 Be with us, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Spirit,
 O blessèd Three in One !
 Make us a royal priesthood,
 Thee rightly to adore,
 And fill us with Thy fulness,
 Both now and evermore !

37

7S.

GIVE the word, eternal King ;
 Swift and fair from hill to hill
 Speed the angel-feet that bring
 News of glory and goodwill,
 News of Freedom's open door,
 Thy Redemption's sweet release,
 Priceless treasure to the poor,
 To the weary perfect peace.

- 2 Give the word, Ascended Son ;
 By the travail of Thy soul,
 By the triumph it hath won,
 Let the tidings onward roll ;
 In the depth and o'er the height
 Thy love's banner be unfurled ;
 Make Thine own, in hell's despite,
 All the kingdoms of the world.
- 3 Give the word, O Holy Ghost :
 West and East and South and North
 Make a second Pentecost ;
 Bid Thy companies go forth,

Bearing all the gifts of grace
 On Thy wings, O mystic Dove,
 Visions of the Saviour's face,
 Music of the Father's love.

- 4 Father, Son, and Spirit, God !
 By the sum of human ill,
 By Thy dread avenging rod,
 By Thine all-absolving will,
 Lo, before Thy feet we fall !
 Holy, holy, holy Lord ;
 Three in One, and All in All,
 Hear our cry, and give the word !
-

GOSPEL FELLOWSHIP

AND MISSIONS.

38

7.6.D.

THE Church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
 She is His new creation
 By water and the word :
 From Heaven He came and sought her
 To be His holy bride ;
 With His own blood He bought her,
 And for her life He died.

- 2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth ;
 One holy name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore opprest,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distrest ;
 Yet saints their watch are keeping.
 Their cry goes up " How long ? "
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore ;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won ;
 Oh, happy ones and holy !
 Lord, give us grace that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.

39

8.6.

O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy
 head !
 Our load was laid on Thee ;
 Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
 Didst bear all ill for me :
 A victim led, Thy blood was shed ;
 Now there's no load for me.

- 2 Death and the curse were in our cup ;
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee !
But Thou hast drained the last dark
'Tis empty now for me ! [drop—
That bitter cup—Love drank it up,
Now blessing's draught for me.
- 3 The tempest's awful voice was heard ;
O Christ, it broke on Thee !
Thy open bosom was my ward—
It braved the storm for me :
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred !
Now cloudless peace for me.
- 4 The Holy One did hide His face ;
O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee !
Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—
The darkness due to me :
But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.
- 5 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee !
Thou'rt risen ; my bands are all untied ;
And now Thou liv'st in me :
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy glory then for me ! Amen.

40

C.M.

- "'TIS finished !" was His latest voice ;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bowed His head, gave up the ghost,
And suffered pain no more.
- 2 'Tis finished ! The Messiah dies
For sins, but not His own ;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown.

3 'Tis finished ! All His groans are pas
 His blood, His pain, and toils
 Have fully vanquishèd our foes,
 And crowned Him with their spoils.

4 'Tis finished ! Legal worship ends,
 And gospel ages run ;
 All old things now are past away,
 And a new world begun. Amen.

41

6s. & 8s.

THE happy morn has come !
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
 The Lord hath left the tomb
 Omnipotent to save :
 Captivity is captive led ;
 For Jesus liveth Who was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them
 For whom their Surety died ?
 Who now shall those condemn
 Whom God hath justified ?
 Captivity is captive led ;
 For Jesus liveth Who was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid ;
 The glorious work is done ;
 On Him our help is laid,
 By Him our victory won :
 Captivity is captive led ;
 For Jesus liveth Who was dead.

42

JES. & 135.

REJOICE and be glad ! the Redeemer has
come !

Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His
tomb !

Sound His praises, tell the story of Him
Who was slain ;

Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He
liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad ! it is sunshine at
last ;

The clouds have departed, the shadows are
past.

3 Rejoice and be glad ! for the blood has
been shed ;

Redemption is finished, the price hath
been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad ! now the pardon is
free ;

The Just for the unjust has died on the
tree.

5 Rejoice and be glad ! for the Lamb that
was slain

O'er death is triumphant, and liveth
again.

6 Rejoice and be glad ! for our King is on
high,

He pleadeth for us on His throne in the
sky.

7 Rejoice and be glad ! for He cometh
again :

He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was
slain !

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strong and tuned for endless years,
And formed, by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

44

6s. & 4s.

My faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour Divine:
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 Oh, let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my Guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When depth's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 Oh, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul!

45

8.8.8.6.

JUST as I am, without one plea
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come. [spot,
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fighting and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am ! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am ! Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 7 Just as I am ! Of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height
to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

46

8.7.8.7.4.7.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now ;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow :
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Crowns become the Victor's brow

2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown
Him!

Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crown Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim:
Saints and Angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords;
Jesus takes the highest station!
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him;
King of kings, and Lord of lords;

47

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song would be,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
“Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !”

48

P.M.

- I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord ;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee ;
Every hour I need Thee ;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.
- 2 I need Thee, every hour,
Stay Thou near by ;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain ;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour ;
Teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

49

C.M.

BEHOLD, how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell !

2 Like precious ointment on the head,
That down the beard did flow,
Ev'n Aaron's beard, and to the skirts
Did of his garments go.

3 As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth
On Sion's hills descend :
For there the blessing God commands,
Life that shall never end.

50

7S.

GREAT the joy when Christians meet !
Christian fellowship, how sweet !
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move ;
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave His Son.

3 Sing the Son's unbounded love ;
How He left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love ;
 With our stubborn hearts He strove,
 Chased the mists of sin away,
 Turned our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
 When the saints in glory meet !
 Where the theme is still the same,
 Where they praise Jehovah's name.

51

C.M.

WHEN Sion's bondage God turn'd back,
 As men that dream'd were we.
 Then fill'd with laughter was our mouth,
 Our tongue with melody :

2 They 'mong the heathen said, The Lord
 Great things for them hath wrought.
 The Lord hath done great things for us,
 Whence joy to us is brought.

3 As streams of water in the south,
 Our bondage, Lord, recall.
 Who sow in tears, a reaping time
 Of joy enjoy they shall.

4 That man who, bearing precious seed,
 In going forth doth mourn,
 He doubtless, bringing back his sheaves,
 Rejoicing shall return.

52

S.M.

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
 Thy work of quickening power ;
 O'er earth's parched wilderness pour
 The pentecostal shower. [down

- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
In far-off Indian lands ;
Bid Ethiopia's myriad tribes
Stretch forth to Thee their hands.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Amid the polar snows ;
Let nature's frozen wastes rejoice
And blossom as the rose.
- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Among the long lost sheep
Of Israel's house, and bid them look
On Him they pierced, and weep.
- 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
In this our native isle ;
With floods of light and life divine
Make all her borders smile.
- 6 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
In our own souls, we pray ;
May all for the great harvest-home
Be ripening day by day.

CHRISTIAN CONSECRATION AND MISSIONS.

53

L.M.

- WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

54

75.

PART I.

- JESUS, Master, Whose I am,
Purchased, Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.
- 2 Other lords have long held sway ;
Now, Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer :
Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?
Nothing else my joy can be.
- 3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine :
Keep me faithful, keep me near ;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
Oh, be Thou my All in all !

PART II.

Jesus, Master, Whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil ;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

- 2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring ;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honour art to me ;
Let me be a praise to Thee.
- 3 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all ?
As Thou wilt ! I would not choose ;
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be,
In Thy service, glad and free !

55

L.M.

- O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him Who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done ! the great transaction's done !
I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
With ashes who would grudge to part
When called on angel's bread to feast ?
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend !
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me :
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear :
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within :
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
Oh, speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control :
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul !

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend !

- 5 Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,
 And in them plant mine own :
 My hope to follow duly
 Is in Thy strength alone !
 Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
 Uphold me to the end,
 And then in heaven receive me,
 My Saviour and my Friend !

57

S.M.

- YE servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait,
 Observant of His heavenly word
 And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame ;
 Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
 For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command ;
 And, while we speak, He's near :
 Mark the first signal of His hand,
 And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh, happy servant, he,
 In such a posture found !
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
 With His own royal hand ;
 And raise that faithful servant's head
 Amid the angelic band.

58

7.7.7.3.

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose ;
 Cast thy dreams of ease away ;
 Thou art in the midst of foes :
 "Watch and pray."

- 2 Principalities and powers,
Must'ring their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours :
 " Watch and pray."
- 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on ;
Wear it ever night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one :
 " Watch and pray."
- 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
 " Watch and pray."
- 5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word,
 " Watch and pray."
- 6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down :
 " Watch and pray."

59

S.M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power :
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

- 4 From strength to strength go on ;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day :
- 5 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

60

L.M.

- Go, labour on ; spend and be spent—
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
It is the way the Master went :
Should not the servant tread it still ?
- 2 Go, labour on ; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.
- 3 Go, labour on while it is day ;
The world's dark night is hastening on :
Speed, speed thy work ; cast sloth away ;
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 4 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray ;
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile, home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come !"

61

P.M.

COME, labour on !

Who dares stand idle on the harvest
plain,

While all around him waves the golden
grain,

And every servant hears the Master say,

“ Go, work to-day ” ?

2 Come, labour on !

The labourers are few and the field is
wide ;

New stations must be filled, and blanks
supplied ;

From voices distant far or near at home,

The call is “ Come ! ”

3 Come, labour on !

The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed
away ;

While we in sleep our duty have forgot,

He slumbereth not.

4 Come, labour on !

Away with gloomy doubt and faithless
fear !

No arm so weak but may do service
here ;

By feeblest agents can our God fulfil

His righteous will.

5 Come, labour on !

The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure ;

Blessèd are those who to the end endure ;

How full their joy, how deep their rest
shall be,

O Lord, with Thee.

62

S.M.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow ;
The highway furrows stock ;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow
Scatter it on the rock.

3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the chosen germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

4 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, " Harvest home ! "

63

7 6.7.5.D.

WORK, for the night is coming !
Work through the morning hours ;
Work while the dew is sparkling ;
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work when the day grows brighter ;
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming !
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill brightest hours with labour ;
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store :
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming !
 Under the sunset skies,
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

64

6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.

HARK ! 'tis the watchman's cry,
 " Wake, brethren, wake ! "
 Jesus our Lord is nigh ;
 Wake brethren, wake !
 Sleep is for sons of night ;
 Ye are children of the light ;
 Yours is the glory bright ;
 Wake, brethren, wake !

- 2 Call to each waking band,
 " Watch, brethren, watch ! "
 Clear is our Lord's command,
 Watch, brethren, watch !
 Be ye as men that wait
 Always at the Master's gate,
 E'en though He tarry late !
 Watch, brethren, watch !

- 3 Heed we the Master's call.
 "Work, brethren, work !"
 There's room enough for all ;
 Work, brethren, work !
 This vineyard of the Lord
 Constant labour will afford ;
 Yours is a sure reward :
 Work, brethren, work !
- 4 Hear we the Saviour's voice,
 "Pray, brethren, pray !"
 Would ye His heart rejoice ?
 Pray, brethren, pray !
 Sin calls for constant fear ;
 Weakness needs the strong One near ;
 Long as ye struggle here,
 Pray, brethren, pray !
- 5 Sound now the final chord,
 "Praise, brethren, praise !"
 Thrice holy is our Lord,
 Praise, brethren, praise !
 What more befits the tongues,
 Soon to join the angels' songs,
 While heaven the note prolongs ?
 Praise, brethren, praise !

65

7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King :
 Large petitions with thee bring ;
 For His grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.

- 3 With my burden I begin :
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Show me what I have to do ;
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith ;
Let me die Thy people's death.

66

128.

To the work ! to the work ! we are servants
of God ;
Let us follow the path that our Master has
trod :
With the balm of His counsel our strength
to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands
find to do.

Toiling on ! . . Toiling on ! . .
Toiling on ! . . Toiling on ! . .
Let us hope, . . . Let us watch, . . .
And labour till the Master comes.

- 2 To the work ! to the work ! let the hungry
be fed,
To the Fountain of Life let the weary be
led :
In the Cross and its banner our glory shall
be,
While we herald the tidings, "*Salvation
is free !*"
- 3 To the work ! to the work ! there is labour
for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error
shall fall :
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud-swelling chorus, "*Salvation is
free !*"
- 4 To the work ! to the work ! in the strength
of the Lord,
And a robe and a crown shall our labour
reward ;
When the home of the faithful our dwell-
ing shall be,
And we shout with the ransomed, "*Sal-
vation is free !*"

67

P M.

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of
kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy
eves :
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of
reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves !
Bringing in the sheaves !
Bringing in the sheaves !
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves !

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze ;
 By-and-by the harvest, and the labour ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves !
- 3 Go then ever, weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves :
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves !

68

P.M.

- ONE more day's work for Jesus,
 One less of earth for me !
 But heaven is nearer, and Christ is dearer,
 Than yesterday to me :
 His love and light fill all my soul to-night.
 One more day's work for Jesus, One
 more day's work for Jesus,
 One more day's work for Jesus, One
 less of earth for me.
- 2 One more day's work for Jesus ;
 How glorious is my King ?
 'Tis joy, not duty, to speak His beauty ;
 My soul mounts on the wing,
 At the mere thought how Christ my life has bought.
- 3 One more day's work for Jesus ;
 How sweet the work has been,
 To tell the story, to show the glory,
 When Christ's flock enter in !
 How it did shine in this poor heart of mine

- 4 One more day's work for Jesus—
 Oh, yes, a weary day;
 But heaven shines clearer, and rest comes
 nearer,
 At each step of the way;
 And Christ in all! Before His face I fall!
- 5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
 Oh, rest at Jesus feet!
 There toil seems pleasure, my wants are
 treasure,
 And pain for Him is sweet.
 Lord, if I may, I'll serve another day.
-

THE HEATHEN AND MISSIONS.

69

6s. & 4s.

- CHRIST for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With loving zeal;
 The poor, and them that mourn,
 The faint and overborne,
 Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
 Whom Christ doth heal.
- 2 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring;
 With fervent prayer;
 The wayward and the lost,
 By restless passion tossed,
 Redeemed, at countless cost,
 From dark despair.

- 3 Christ for the world we sing ;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With joyful song ;
 The new-born souls, whose days,
 Reclaimed from error's ways,
 Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong.

70

7S.

SPREAD, oh, spread, thou mighty Word,
 Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
 Wheresoe'er His breath has given
 Life to beings made for heaven.

- 2 Word of Life, most pure and strong,
 Lo ! for thee the nations long ;
 Spread till from its dreary night
 All the world awakes to light.

- 3 Up! the ripening fields ye see ;
 Mighty shall the harvest be ;
 But the reapers still are few,
 Great the work they have to do.

- 4 Lord of harvest, let there be
 Joy and strength to work for Thee ;
 Let the nations far and near
 See Thy light and learn Thy fear.

71

P.M.

THE whole world was lost in the darkness of
 The light of the world is Jesus ! [sin,
 Like sunshine at noonday His glory shone
 The light of the world is Jesus ! [in,
 Come to the Light ! 'tis shining for thee ;
 Sweetly the light has dawned upon me.
 Once I was blind, but now I can see ;
 The Light of the world is Jesus.

- 2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
 The Light of the world is Jesus !
 We walk in the Light when we follow our
 Guide,
 The Light of the world is Jesus !
- 3 Ye dwellers in darkness, with sin-blinded
 eyes,
 The Light of the world is Jesus !
 Go wash at His bidding, and light will
 The Light of the world is Jesus ! [arise,
- 4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're
 The Light of that world is Jesus ! [told,
 The Lamb is the light in the City of Gold,
 The Light of that world is Jesus !

72

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul ; be still and gaze ;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace ;
 Blessèd jubilee !
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtained on Calvary ;
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Let them have the glorious light ;
 And from eastern coast to western
 May the morning chase the night ;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

- 4 Fly abroad, eternal gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase ;
 May thy sceptre
 Sway the enlightened world around.

73

7.6.7.6.D.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;

Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

74

7S. & 5S.

HARK ! what cry arrests my ear ?
 Hark ! what accents of despair ?
 'Tis the heathen's dying prayer,
 Friends of Jesus, hear !
 " Men of God, to you we cry,
 Rests on you our tearful eye ;
 Help us, Christians, or we die !
 Die in dark despair ! "

2 Hasten, Christians, haste to save,
 O'er the land and o'er the wave,
 Dangers, death, and distance brave :
 Hark ! for help they call !
 Afric bends her suppliant knee—
 Asia spreads her hands to thee :
 Hark ! they urge the heaven-born plea,
 " JESUS WELCOMES ALL ! "

3 Haste, then, spread the Saviour's name ;
 Snatch the firebrands from the flame ;
 Deck His glorious diadem
 With their ransom'd souls.
 See ! the pagan altars fall !
 See ! the Saviour reigns o'er all !
 Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all !
 Echoes round the poles.

75

P.M.

THERE'S a cry from Macedonia :
 " Come and help us : "
 The light of the gospel bring, oh
 come !

Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation,
We thirst for the living spring.

O ye heralds of the cross, be up and
doing,

Remember the great command ! away !
Go ye forth and preach the Word to every
creature,
Proclaim it in every land.

They shall gather from the east,
They shall gather from the west,
With the patriarchs of old ;
And the ransomed shall return
To the kingdoms of the blest,
With their harps and crowns of gold.

2 Oh, how beautiful their feet upon the
mountains,
The tidings of peace, who bring, who
bring,
To the nations of the earth [who] sit in
darkness,
And tell them of Zion's King :
Then, ye heralds of the cross, be up and
doing,
Go work in your Master's field ! away !
Sound the trumpet ! sound the trumpet of
salvation !
The Lord is your strength and shield.

Let the distant isles be glad,
Let them hail the Saviour's birth,
And the news of pardon free,
Till the knowledge of the truth
Shall extend to all the earth,
As the waters o'er the sea.

76

L.M.

FLING out the banner ! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;
 The sun, that lights its shining folds,—
 The cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner ! angels bend
 In anxious silence o'er the sign,
 And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonders of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner ! heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight ;
 And nations, crowding to be born,
 Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner ! sin-sick souls,
 That sink and perish in the strife,
 Shall touch in faith its radiant hem
 And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner ! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;
 Our glory, only in the cross,
 Our only hope, the Crucified.

77

6s. & 8s.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow !
 The gladly solemn sound
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest ;
 Hath full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb!
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of Jubilee has come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return to your eternal home.

78

108.

OH, where are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of the good from the fields of
sin ?

With sickles of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the "harvest
home."

Where are the reapers? Oh, who will
come

And share in the glory of the "harves
home?"

Oh, who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin ?

- 2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all :
 The wheat may be there, though the weeds
 are tall ;
 Then search in the highway, and pass none
 by,
 But gather them all for the home on high.
- 3 The fields are all rip'ning, and far and
 wide
 The world now is waiting the harvest tide ;
 But reapers are few, and the work is great,
 And much will be lost should the harvest
 wait.
- 4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
 And gather together the golden grain ;
 Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
 Then share in the joy of the "harvest
 home."

79

7S.

HARK ! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore ;
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

- 2 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away ;
 Then the end : beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is All in all.

80

P.M.

THE Gospel bells are ringing,
Over land, from sea to sea ;
Blessèd news of free salvation
Do they offer you and me.

“ For God so loved the world,
That His only Son He gave !
Whosoe’er believeth in Him
Everlasting life shall have.”

Gospel-bells ! . . . how they ring, . . .
Over land, from sea to sea !
Gospel bells . . . freely bring . . .
Blessèd news to you and me.

2 The Gospel bells invite us
To a feast prepared for all :
Do not slight the invitation,
Nor reject the gracious call.
“ I am the Bread of life ;
Eat of Me, thou hungry soul :
Though your sins be red as crinison,
They shall be as white as wool.”

3 The Gospel bells give warning,
As they sound from day to day,
Of the fate which doth await them
Who for ever will delay.
“ Escape thou for thy life !
Tarry not in all the plain ;
Nor behind thee look, oh never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain.”

4 The Gospel bells are joyful,
As they echo far and wide,
Bearing notes of perfect pardon,
Through a Saviour crucified ;
“ Good tidings of great joy
To all people do I bring ;
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Which is Christ, the Lord and King.”

81

II. 10.

RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the
grave;

Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.

Rescue the perishing, care for the
dying,
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is
waiting,

Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them
gently;

He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart, crushed by
the tempter,

Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by
kindness,

Chords that were broken will vibrate
once more.

4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it ;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will
provide :

Back to the narrow way patiently win them:
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has
died.

82

8s.

THROUGH midnight gloom from Macedon
The cry of myriads as of one,
The voiceful silence of despair,
Is eloquent in awful prayer,
The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
"Come o'er and help us, or we die."

- 2 How mournfully it echoes on,
For half the earth is Macedon ;
These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the Love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's Life they cry,
" O ye that live, behold we die ! "
- 3 By other sounds the world is won
Than that which wails from Macedon ;
The roar of gain is round it rolled,
Or men unto themselves are sold,
And cannot list the alien cry,
" Oh hear and help us, lest we die ! "
- 4 Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of Christ rolls on ;
" I come ; who would abide My day
In yonder wilds prepare My way ;
My voice is crying in their cry ;
Help ye the dying, lest ye die. "
- 5 Jesu, for men of Man the Son,
Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon ;
Oh, by the kingdom and the power
And glory of Thine advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry ;
Help us to help them, lest we die.

83

C.M.

HARK, how the adoring hosts above
With songs surround the throne !
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their hearts are one.

- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died ! " they cry,
" To be exalted thus ; "
" Worthy the Lamb ! " let us reply,
" For He was slain for us. "

- 3 To Him be power divine ascribed,
 And endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy remain
 For ever on His head !
- 4 Thou hast redeemed us with Thy blood,
 And set the prisoners free ;
 Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with Thee.
- 5 From every kindred, every tongue,
 Thou brought'st Thy chosen race ;
 And distant lands and isles have shared
 The riches of Thy grace.
- 6 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 Or on the earth below,
 With fields and floods and ocean's shores,
 To Thee their homage show.
- 7 To Him Who sits upon the throne,
 The God Whom we adore,
 And to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be glory evermore !

Now be the gospel banner
 In every land unfurled ;
 And be the shout " Hosanna !"
 Re-echoed through the world,
 Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue,
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.

2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His power throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine ;
Ride on, O Lord ! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace !
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thine empire still increase.

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings !
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favour,
Each ransomed captive sings ;
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

MISSIONARIES

TO THE HEATHEN.

85

S.M.

How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !—
“ Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here ! ”

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found !

- 4 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad,
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

86

P.M.

SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed
them,
Thou art Lord of winds and waves ;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed
them,
Now they go to free the slaves ;
Be Thou with them :
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves :

Friends, and home, and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command,
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land ;
O be with them !
Lead them safely by the hand.

3. Speed them through the mighty ocean,
In the dark and stormy day,
When the waves in wild commotion
Fill all others with dismay,
Be Thou with them,
Drive their terrors all away.

- 4 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be Thou with them :
Hear their sighs and count their tears.

87

6s. & 4s.

SOUND, sound the truth abroad,
 Bear ye the word of God
 Through the wide world ;
 Tell what our Lord has done ;
 Tell how the day is won,
 And, from His lofty throne,
 Satan is hurled.

2 Speed on the wings of love ;
 Jesus, Who reigns above,
 Bids us to fly ;
 They who His message bear
 Should neither doubt nor fear ;
 He will their Friend appear ;
 He will be nigh.

3 When on the mighty deep,
 He will their spirits keep,
 Stayed on His word ;
 When in a foreign land,
 No other friend at hand,
 Jesus will by them stand—
 Jesus, their Lord.

4 Ye who, forsaking all,
 At your loved Master's call,
 Comforts resign ;—
 Soon will your work be done ;
 Soon shall the prize be won,
 Brighter than yonder sun,
 Then shall ye shine.

88

P.M.

ETERNAL Lord ! Whose power
 Can calm the heaving ocean,—
 Exalted Thou,
 Yet gracious bow ;
 Accept our warm devotion.

- 2 For Thee our all we leave,
Nor drop a tear of sadness ;
As on we glide,
Be Thou our guide,
And fill our hearts with gladness.
- 3 We go 'mid pagan gloom,
To spread the truth victorious ;
Thy Spirit send,
Thy word attend,
And make its triumph glorious.
- 4 And when our toils are done,
Smooth Thou the dying pillow :
O bring us blest,
To endless rest,
Safe o'er death's troubled billow.

89

L.M.

- YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Emmanuel's name ;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

90

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own-appointed limits keep ;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea !

- 2 O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep ;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea !
- 3 O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea !
- 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go :
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

CHILDREN

AND MISSIONS.

91

II. 8. II. 8. D.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of
old,

When Jesus was here among men,

How He called little children as lambs to
His fold,

I should like to have been with them
then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on
my head,

That His arms had been thrown around
me,

And that I might have seen His kind look
when He said,

“ Let the little ones come unto Me.”

- 2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may
 And ask for a share in His love ; [go,
 And, if I now earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above,
 In that beautiful place He has gone to
 prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven ;
 And many dear children are gathering
 there,
 For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
- 3 But thousands and thousands who wander
 and fall
 Never heard of that heavenly home ;
 I should like them to know there is room
 for them all,
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.
 I long for the joy of that glorious time,
 The sweetest and brightest and best,
 When the dear little children of every
 clime
 Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

92

P.M.

- WHEN mothers of Salem
 Their children brought to Jesus,
 The stern disciples drove them back
 And bade them depart ;
 But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
 And sweetly smiled and kindly said.
 " Suffer little children to come unto Me.
- 2 " For I will receive them
 And fold them in my bosom ;
 I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs,
 Oh, drive them not away !
 For if their hearts to Me they give,
 They shall with Me in glory live :
 Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

- 3 How kind was our Saviour
 To bid those children welcome !
 But there are many thousands
 Who have never heard His name ;
 The Bible they have never read ;
 They know not that the Saviour said,
 “ Suffer little children to come unto Me.”
- 4 Oh, soon may the heathen
 Of every tribe and nation
 Fulfil Thy blessed word,
 And cast their idols all away ;
 Oh, shine upon them from above,
 And show Thyself a God of love ;
 Teach the little children to come unto Thee.

93

C.M.D.

- THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain ;
 His blood-red banner streams afar :
 Who follows in His train ?
 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain ;
 Who patient bears His cross below—
 He follows in His train.
- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save ;
 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong :
 Who follows in his train ?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the Spirit came : [knew,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
 And mocked the cross and flame ;

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane ;
 They bowed their necks the death to
 feel :
 Who follows in their train ?

- 4 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed ;
 They climb the steep ascent of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain :
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train !

94

7.6.7.6.D.

STAND up ! stand up for Jesus !
 Ye soldiers of the cross ;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss.
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall He lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 The trumpet-call obey !
 Forth to the mighty conflict
 In this His glorious day !
 Ye that are men, now serve Him
 Against unnumbered foes ;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 Stand in His strength alone ;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own,

Put on the gospel armour,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

- 4 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 The strife will not be long ;
 This day, the noise of battle,
 The next, the victor's song.
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be ;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally !

95

P.M.

AGAIN the morn of gladness,
 The morn of light, is here ;
 And earth itself looks fairer,
 And heaven itself more near ;
 The bells, like angel voices,
 Speak peace to every breast ;
 And all the land lies quiet
 To keep the day of rest.
 " Glory be to Jesus !"
 Let all His children say ;
 " He rose again, He rose again,
 On this glad day !"

- 2 Again, O loving Saviour,
 The children of Thy grace
 Prepare themselves to see
 Within Thy chosen place.
 Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
 If Thou our hearts wilt raise ;
 If Thou our lips wilt open,
 Our mouth shall show Thy praise.
 " Glory be to Jesus ! " &c.

3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above,—
These all adore and praise Him
Whom we too praise and love.
“Glory be to Jesus!” &c.

4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.
“Glory be to Jesus!” &c.

5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His name!
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim,
Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord and King;
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing.
“Glory be to Jesus!”
Let all creation say;
“He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!”

THE SECOND ADVENT AND MISSIONS.

96

C.M.

To Him that loved the souls of men
And washed us in His blood,
To royal honours raised our head
And made us priests to God,—

2 To Him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love !
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above !

3 Behold, on flying clouds He comes !
His saints shall bless the day ;
While they that pierced Him sadly
mourn
In anguish and dismay.

4 Thou art the First, and Thou the Last ;
Time centres all in Thee,
Th' Almighty God, Who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

97

L.M.

JESUS ! Thy Church with longing eyes
For Thine expected coming waits ;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates ?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

- 3 Oh, come and reign o'er every land ;
 Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
 All nations bow to Thy command,
 And grace revive a dying world.
- 4 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
 To wait for the appointed hour,
 And fit us by Thy grace to share
 The triumphs of Thy conquering
 power.

98

S.M.

- COME, Lord ! and tarry not ;
 Bring the long-looked-for day ;
 Oh, why these years of waiting here,
 These ages of delay ?
- 2 Come, for Thy saints still wait :
 Daily ascends their sigh ;
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come !
 Dost Thou not hear the cry ?
- 3 Come, and make all things new,
 Build up this ruined earth,
 Restore our faded paradise,—
 Creation's second birth.
- 4 Come and begin Thy reign
 Of everlasting peace ;
 Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
 Great King of Righteousness !

99

C.M.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart !
 Star of the coming day !
 Arise, and with Thy morning beams,
 Chase all our griefs away.

- 2 Come, blessed Lord ! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.
- 4 Jesus ! Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine ;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

100

P.M.

Lo ! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand, thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train :
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign !

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day :
 " Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away ! "

4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear !
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air :
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !

5 Yea, amen ! Let all adore Thee
 High on Thine eternal throne,
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own ;
 Oh, come quickly !
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

101

8.7.

YES, we trust the day is breaking ;
 Joyful times are near at hand ;
 God, the mighty God, is speaking
 By His word in every land :
 When He comes His lost ones seeking,
 Darkness flees at His command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season ;
 Let us hail the rising ray,
 When the Lord appears, there's reason
 To expect a glorious day,
 At the brightness of His coming
 Gloom and darkness flee away.

- 3 While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,
 God the Saviour is preparing
 Means to spread His truth abroad ;
 Every tongue and every language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 4 Oh, how pleasant, how reviving
 To our hearts, to hear each day
 Joyful news from far arriving,
 That the Gospel wins its way ;
 Those enlightening and enlivening
 Who in death and darkness lay.
- 5 God of Israel, high and glorious,
 Let Thy people see Thy hand ;
 Let the Gospel be victorious
 Through the world, in every land ;
 Come, Lord Jesus, O come quickly ;
 Lord, Thy blessing now command.

102

P.M.

- TEN thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light :
 'Tis finished ! all is finished,—
 Their fight with death and sin ;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.
- 2 What rush of hallelujahs
 Fills all the earth and sky !
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made !
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousandfold repaid !

3 Oh, then, what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore !
 What knitting severed friendships up
 Where partings are no more !
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late ;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power, and reign :
 Appear, Desire of nations !
 Thine exiles long for home ;
 Show in the heavens Thy promised sign ;
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come !

103

P.M.

THE Church has waited long
 Her absent Lord to see ;
 And still in loneliness she waits,
 A friendless stranger she.
 Age after Age has gone,
 Sun after sun has set,
 And still, in weeds of widowhood,
 She weeps, a mourner yet :
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

2 Saint after saint on earth
 Has lived and loved and died ;
 And, as they left us one by one,
 We laid them side by side ;
 We laid them down to sleep,
 But not in hope forlorn,
 We laid them to await the change
 Till the last glorious morn :
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

We long to hear Thy voice,
 To see Thee face to face,
 To share Thy crown and glory there,
 As here we share Thy grace.
 Should not the loving Bride
 The absent Bridegroom mourn ?
 Should she not wear the weeds of grief
 Until the Lord return ?
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

- 4 The whole creation groans,
 And waits to hear that voice
 Which shall restore her comeliness
 And make her wastes rejoice.
 Come, Lord, and wipe away
 The curse, the sin, the stain,
 And make this blighted world of ours
 Thine own fair world again :
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

DOXOLOGIES.

104

L.M.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
 By faith and love in every breast ;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
 The joys that cannot be expressed.

- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward
 strength,
 Make our enlargèd souls possess,
 And learn the height and breadth and
 length
 Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

- 3 Now to the God Whose power can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,
 Be everlasting honours done
 By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

105

L.M.

- FROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends Thy Word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to
 shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more ?

106

8.7.8.7.4.7-

- GLORY be to God the Father
 For the message of His Son :
 Glory be to the belovèd
 For the work that He hath done :
 May the Spirit
 Seal salvation in our hearts. Amen.

107

C.M.

- SALVATION ! oh, the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around ;
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation ! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs :
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever !
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer :
Hallelujah ! Praise ye the Lord.
Amen.

108

L.M.

PRAISE God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
Amen.

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DATE DUE

FEB 25 '71

Friday, June 15th.

LARGE HALL at 3 p.m.—India: Northern and Central.

Chairman—The Right Hon. the EARL OF NORTHBROOK, G.C.S.I., D.C.L.

LARGE HALL at 7 p.m.—India: South, Ceylon, Burmah, &c.

Chairman—Sir ROBERT N. FOWLER, Bart., M.P.

Monday, June 18th.

LARGE HALL at 7 p.m.—The Church's Duty, and a New Departure in Missionary Enterprise.

Chairman—The Rt. Rev. the BISHOP OF EXETER.

LOWER HALL at 7 p.m.—North and South America.

Chairman—

Tuesday, June 19th.

LARGE HALL at 7 p.m.—Valedictory Meeting, and Addresses on the Bible and Christian Literature in the Work of Missions.

Chairman—The Rt. Hon. the EARL OF ABERDEEN.

N.B.—There are 5 Meetings of Open Conference at 3 o'clock in the Lower Hall, for which Tickets may be had on application at the Office.

Much prayer is desired, and there is a Prayer Meeting every morning from 9.45 to 10.15.